

Sair BERNARD'S VISION:

Or, A brief Discourse, Dialogue-wise, between the Soul and Body of a Damned Man, newly deceased, laying the Faults one upon the other. To which is added, A Speech of the Devil's in Hell, &c.

To the Tune of, Flying Fame, &c.

Licensed according to Order.



The Writer speaketh.

A sleep bringing in my bed one night,
A fearful vision did me fore a fright,
Methought I saw a soul departed late,

By it the body in a poor estate.
Waiting with sighs, the soul aloud did cry,
Upon the body in the coffin by:
And thus the Soul to it did make her moan,
With grievous sobs, and many a bitter groan.

The Soul speaketh.

O sinful flesh, which now so low doth lie,
Whom yesterday the world esteem'd so high,
It was but yesterday the world was thine,
The sun is set, which yesterday did shine.

Where is thy train that did attend on thee?
Where is thy mirth, where is thy jollity?
Where are thy sumptuous buildings and thy treasure?
Thy pleasant walks wherein thou took'st pleasure.

Gone is thy train, thy mirth to mourning turn'd,
Thou in a coffin in a shrine art urn'd;
For thy rich cloaths thou hast a winding sheet,
Thy high built roof now with thy mouth dost meet.
But I poor soul was fram'd a noble creature,
In likeness to my God, of heavenly feature,
But by thy sin while we on earth abode,
I am made fouler than a loathsome toad.

O wretched flesh with me that art so soon,
That well may with thou never had'st been born:
Thou would'st never to any one agree:
For which we evermore shall damned be.
I am and must for ever be in pain,
No tongue can tell the torments I sustain,
But thou and I we must descend to Hell,
That we may dying pictures must ever dwell.

It was thy pride, deceit, and luxury,
Hath brought these torments both on me and thee,
Thy wife, thy children, friends whom thou didst trust
Do loath thy carcass lying in the dust.

The book of God, which is both true and sure,
Witness at large what sinners shall endure,
Thou that within the bed of earth art laid,
Arise, and answer to the words I said.

The Body speaketh.

I know thee well, my soul, which from me fled,
Which left my body senseless, cold and dead,
Cease thou to say the fault was all in me,
When I will prove the fault was most in thee:

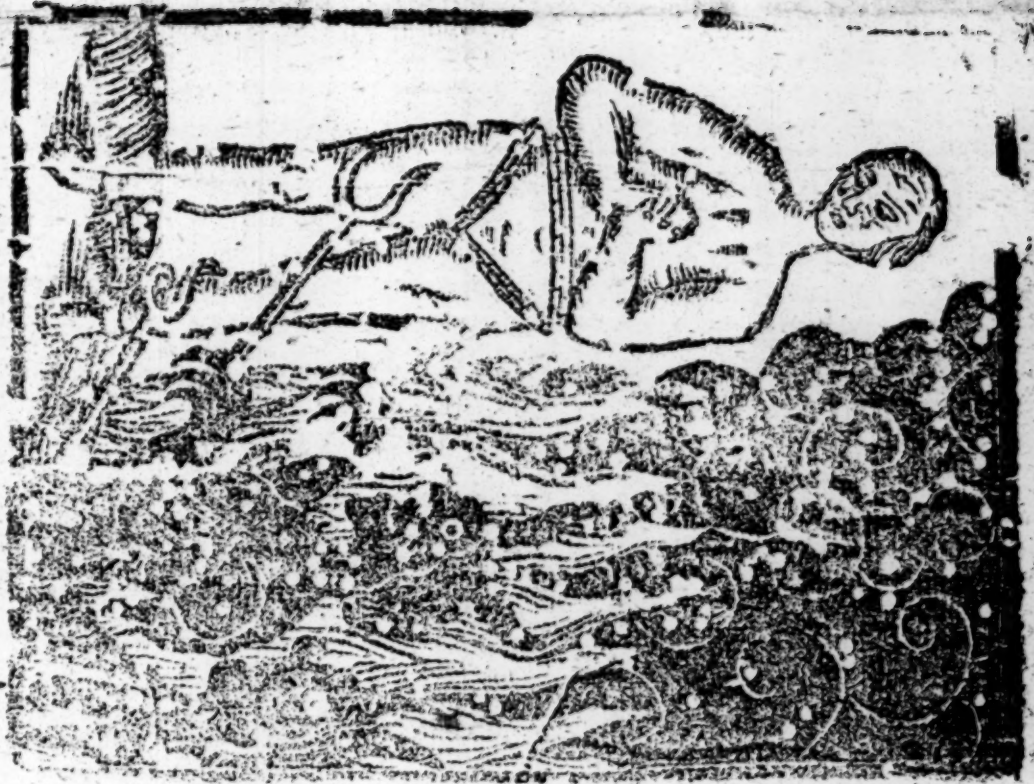
Thou say'st, that I have led thee oft astray,
And from well-doing drawn thee quite away:
But if the flesh the spirit's power can move,
The fault is thine as I will plainly prove.

God you do know created you most fair,
Acc of celestial knowledge gave you share:
I was your servant, fram'd of earth and clay,
You to command, and I for to obey.

'Twas in your power for to restrain my will,
And not to let me do these things were ill:
The body's works are from the soul divided,
And by the soul the body should be guided.

The body of it self no ill hath known,
If I did what thou did'st, the guilt is thine own,
For without thee, the body resteth dead,
The soul commands, it rests upon thy head.

So to conclude, thy guilt exceedeth mine,
O how the worms do taste me in my shrine;
And therefore fare thee well, poor sinful soul,
Thy trespass is past hence, though they are foul.



The Soul speaks.

Most wretched Beth which in the time of life,
Was foolish, idle, vain, and full of strife;
Though of thy substance thou did speak to me,
I do confess I should have bridled thee.
But thou through love of pleasure foul and ill,
Still we resisted, and would have thy will:
When I would rise, O body, have controul'd,
Straight the world's vanities did me with-hold.
So thou of me didst gain the upper hand,
Withdrawing me in worldly pleasures band:
That thou and I eternal shall be crown'd
In Hell, when glorious saints in Heaven are crown'd.
But flattering fancy did thy mind so please,
Thou never thoughtst to dye till death did cease:
This was thy fault, and curst was our fate,
Which we repent, but now, alas, too late.

The Body speaks.

O now I weep, bring scourg'd with mine own rod,
We both stand guilty 'fore the face of God:
Both are in fault, and ver not equally,
The greaterst but then, soul, on thee doth lye.
No wit to mean, but this for truth it knows,
That where most gifts of vertue God bestows,
There is most due, and ought repayed be,
And unto this there's none but will agree.
But foolishly thou yieldest unto me,
And to my vain desires didst thou agree:
But, oh! I knew not at the latter hour,
But thou and I shal find a death most sure.
I greatly fear an everlasting fire:
Yet one thing more I do of thee desire,
Halt thou been yet among the fiends of hell?
Is no hopes left that we with Christ may dwell?

all! Beth remember *Dives* was deny'd,
When for one drop of water he so pay'd:
Thy question, fenceless body, wanteth reason;
Redemption now is hopeless out of season:
Vile body go, and rot in bed of clay,
Until the great and general judgement day;
Then shalt thou rise, and be with me condemn'd,
To hell's hot lake for ever without end.
So fare thee well! I will no longer stay,
Hark how the fiends of hell call me away:
The loss of heavenly joys tormenteth me,
More than all tortures that in hell can be.

The Devil speaks.

Ho, are you come, whom we expected long?
Now we will make you sing another song:
Howling and yelling still shall be your note,
And melted lead be poured down your throat.
Such horror we do on our servants load,
Now thou art worse then is the crawling toad:
Ten thousand torments thou shalt now abide,
When thou in flaming sulphure shalt be fry'd.
Thou art a souldier of our camp enroul'd,
Never henceforth shalt thou the light behold:
The pains prepar'd for thee no tongue can tell,
Welcome, O welcome, to the pit of hell.

The Writer speaks.

At this the groaning soul did weep most sore,
And then the fiends with joy did laugh and roar:
Those devils did seem more black then pitch or light,
Whose hard shapes did sorely me affright.
Sharp steel'd forks each in their hands did bear,
Tusked their teeth like crooked ma rocks were;
Fire and brimston then they breath'd out,
And from their nostrils fumes cray'd all about.
Foul filthy horns on their black brows they wore,
Their nails were like the tusks of a bear:
These hellish fiends fast bound this wretched soul,
And drag'd him in, who grievously did howl.
Then straight me thou appeared in my sight,
A beavious young man clothed all in white:
His face did shine most glorious to behold,
Wings like the rain-bow, and his hair like gold.
With a sweet voice, *All hail, all hail*, quoth he,
Arise and write what here thou now dost see:
Most heavenly musick seemed then to play,
And in a cloud he vanish quite away.
Awaking straight, I took my pen in hand,
To write those lines thou now didst command,
And so abroad into the world it's sent,
That each good christian may in time repent.
Then let us fear the Lord both night and day,
Preserve our souls and bodies we thus pray:
God grant we may so run this mortal race,
That we in heav'n may have a resting place.
Preserve the King, the Queen, and Progeny,
The Clergy, Counsel, and Nobility,
Reserve our Souls and Bodies I thee pray,
Poem, with me, let all good Christians say.